

# John Hiatt, Listening To Old Voices

They have come to haunt the children

They have come to walk the wind

I can hear them as they rustle through the trees

Looking for the love that killed them

So that they might live again

It's a simple prayer that brings me to my knees

With drums and bells and rattles

They have caught us in our time

To watch the eagle rise up from the fire

Now is it true we are possessed

By all the ones we leave behind

Or is it by their lives we are inspired

CHORUS:

It's a new light, new day

Listening for new meaning learning how to say

It's a new place but you've always been here

You're just listening to old voices with a new ear

It's the livin' and the dyin'

Well it scares the young ones so

They can hardly catch their breath before too long

They see the tears we're crying

And they watch the river flow

And they follow on the banks until it's gone

I surrender to the mountains

I surrender to the sea

I surrender to the one who calls my name

I surrender to my lover and to my enemy

I surrender to the face that holds no shame

REPEAT CHORUS

There's a spider at my window  
And she spins a web of truth  
More beautiful than all those memories  
And she surely is God's artist  
As she's caught the morning dew  
It's a simple prayer that brings me to my knees

REPEAT CHORUS TWICE